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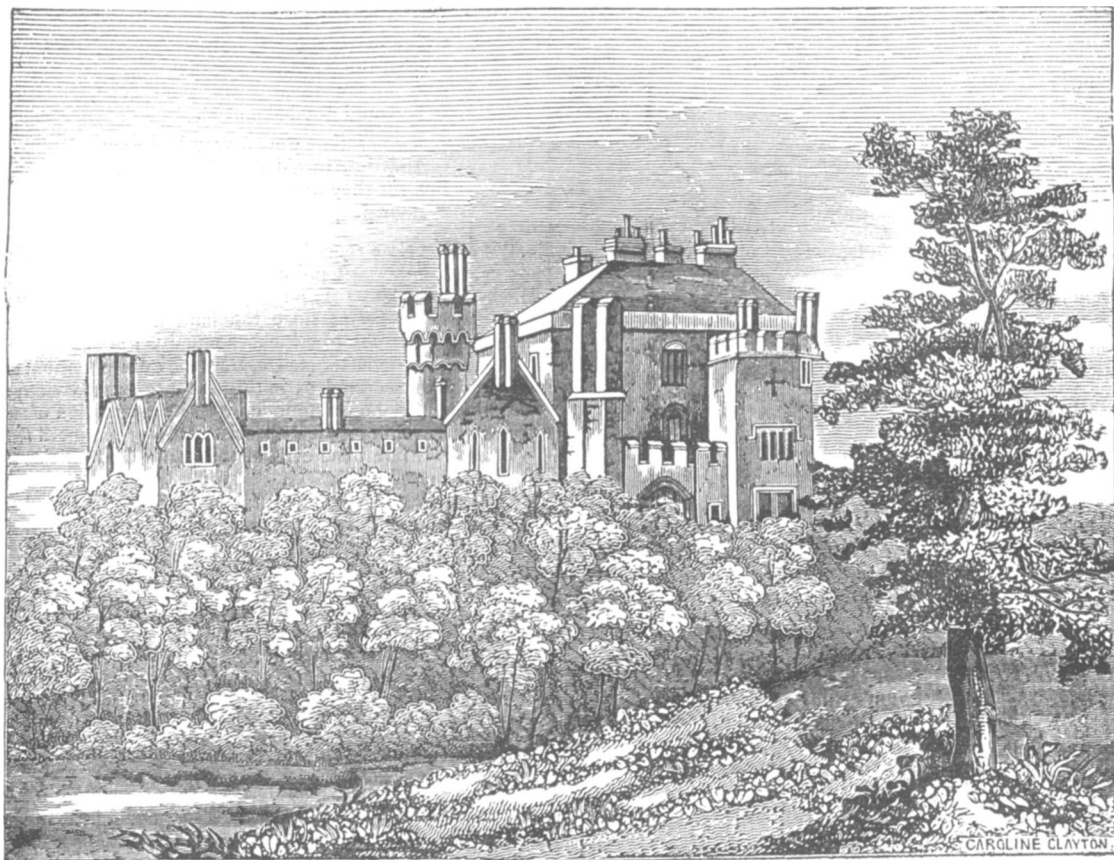
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CASTLE FRAKE.

Castle Frake, formerly called Rathbarry, the residence of Lord Carberry, is situated on the south side of the county of Cork, near Rosscarberry, and but a short distance from the bay. From its elevated position, it must arrest the eye of the mariner with a bold and formidable appearance, particularly if seen to the west of the rocks called the Stags, which appear as if standing at bay, the one with the other, their rugged base bidding defiance to the hoarsely roaring wave of the Atlantic. A range of sand-hills stretch along the shore; while onwards, the road which conducts to the principal entrance, for a while seems as if deserted, so desolate is the scene, with scarcely a habitation in view. On the horizon, however, the traveller fails not to see hovering some trading or other vessel bound for a foreign port, or smack or cutter sailing coastwise. To the right is the rabbit warren, covering a great extent of ground, and coated with sand, generally carried up from the shore by the hardy sea breeze, which for a great proportion of the year prevails in this direction.

The demesne and gardens connected with the Castle, are disposed with much taste and judgment, the latter being enriched with many rare plants. The mansion is a fine, chaste building. Attached to it are many embattled towers, in which the nicest proportion and taste is observed, affording a pleasing appearance and an extensive view, as well as rendering to the house a more useful and convenient lot of rooms and offices. It is to be regretted, however, (and doubly so, if it should be want of taste on the part of the noble proprietor,) that some of the towers

are yet in an unfinished state, and that even now, from the condition they are in, they appear to invite the wasting hand of ruin.

“THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.”

In a recent number we had occasion to express our conviction, that for some time past the “march of intellect” has been a *retrograde movement*. With regard to *Science* it is, indeed, asserted, that it is “gaining ground with every breaker;”—in reference to the *finer arts*, however, it cannot be denied, that they are moving *backward*. Where, for instance, are we now to look for any thing of superior excellence in the departments of painting or poetry? Is it not admitted by all, that although the press still continues to pour forth in sufficient number the labours of common intellects, in numerous elegantly bound, and as elegantly printed, hot-pressed volumes, still, with those poetic spirits of what may now be termed “the past age,” all strains of higher mood have ceased? We recollect, that some fifteen or twenty years since, (although at the time ardently attached to every thing really worthy of the name of poetic composition,) in a periodical with which we were at that time connected, we prognosticated, (even while a Scott, and a Byron, and a Wordsworth, were pouring forth their varied strains, to the delight and satisfaction of numerous readers,) what would be the consequence of the loose and flippant style which they were the means of introducing. As a specimen of the evil we then complained of, we quoted